

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c. during the Years 1817, 1818, 1819, and 1820. By Sir Robert Ker Porter. With numerous Engravings of Portraits, Costumes, Antiquities, &c. In two Volumes. Vol. I. 4to. pp. 720. London, 1821.

Just as the last number of the *Literary Chronicle* had gone to press, we found that Sir Robert Porter's valuable work was that day published, and, however anxious we are ever to be the first to give an account of every work of interest, yet we would not even purchase that advantage at the expense of our critical independence. Although a bulky volume, as the one before us, is not to be digested like a half-crown pamphlet, yet we trust that we shall, (the short space that we have had to examine it and our other avocations duly considered,) this week be enabled to furnish our readers with the marrow of the principal part of it.

Few persons combine so many qualifications for a traveller as Sir Robert Ker Porter, who is an elegant scholar, an accomplished gentleman, a skilful artist, an intelligent observer, and an agreeable writer. To such an individual, the countries he has travelled presented a field of incomparable riches and abundance; and, as he gleaned copiously, yet with great discrimination, he has produced one of the most valuable and interesting works of the day.

Sir Robert Porter commenced his journey on the 6th of August, 1817, from St. Petersburg to Odessa, on the Black Sea; and during the three years that he was travelling in the east, he kept a regular journal of all he saw worthy of observation, and wrote his remarks with the impression of the moment. From this diary, sanctioned by opportunities of comparing his own remarks with others, he collected the materials of two volumes, the first of which is now presented to the public. It will readily be conceived, that it

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must far exceed our limits to endeavour to give an itinerary of our traveller's route, nor would this be the most interesting; we shall, therefore, select such passages as appear to us the most important, without detaining our readers from the author by speculative opinions or unnecessary remarks.

Odessa, one of the most flourishing cities of the Russian empire, contains upwards of thirty thousand inhabitants. Several ancient churches ornament the city, but none of its buildings equal the theatre in beauty. This edifice stands in a fine situation, on a sort of square, over-looking the sea, and presenting a portico, which, at a distance, reminds the spectator of the Temple of Minerva, at Athens:—

Personal labour at Odessa and its dependencies, is excessively high. A soldier may gain three rubles per day for manual work; a regular carpenter, seven; consequently all articles of living are dear; and to lessen the expense of labour, every expedient is adopted to effect its purpose with the fewest hands. One attempt is, to divide the corn from the ear without flail or threshing machine. Several four-wheeled carts are filled with stones, and each drawn by two horses; they are then driven in a regular circle over the sheaves as they lie on the ground, carefully disposed in rows. Some of the proprietors perform a similar operation by the trampling of horses without carts.

This used to be the practice in the east, and it was a part of the Mosaic law not 'to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' During our travellers short stay at Koblinka, he witnessed a grass-fire, a calamity almost peculiar to the farmers of the Ukraine, and which often spreads a temporary desolation over vast tracts of this country:—

This terrible accident generally happens by the carelessness of the bullock-drivers, or of persons belonging to caravans of merchandize, who halt for the night on the open plain, and on departing in the morning, neglect to extinguish their fires. Wind, or some other casualty, brings the hot embers in contact with the high and dry grass of the Steppe; it bursts into flame, and burns on devouring as it goes with a fire almost unquenchable. That which I now beheld, arose from negligence of this kind, and soon extend-

ed itself over a space of forty wersts; continuing its ravages for many days, consuming all the outstanding corn, ricks, hovels, in short, every thing in its devastating path; the track it left was dreadful.

The grass-fire is scarcely less destructive to the crops of grain, than a little worm (peculiar to the Black Sea) is to the fleets of Russia:—

The progress of that worm is as certain and as swift as the running grains of an hour-glass. It preys on the ships bottom, and when once it has established itself, nothing that has yet been discovered can stop the ravages. Even coppered vessels are ultimately rendered useless, when any small opening admits the perforation of this subtle little creature.

At Kherson Sir Robert Porter visited the tomb of the philanthropic Howard, which is an obelisk of whitish stone, sufficiently high to be conspicuous at several miles distance. About six miles from the ancient city of Sardis, is still to be seen part of the great tumulus erected in memory of Alyattes, father of Cræsus, and which has been described by Herodotus as of prodigious height; and by Strabo, as two hundred feet high in his time; the circumference being three-quarters of a mile. At New Tcherkask, the capital of the Donskoy country, our traveller paid his respects to the celebrated Attaman Platoff, who received him with the utmost kindness and hospitality. The palace of this chief is a fine building; a guard of Cossacks kept the gate; others, with naked swords, stood at the great door of entrance; while officers in waiting, orderlies, and every other degree of princely and military state, occupied the passages and anti-rooms:—

On being ushered as a stranger into an apartment, where I was met by the Attaman's secretary, (the only person in his establishment who could speak French,) I mentioned my name to him, and the good gentleman's joyous surprise was no unpleasant token of his chief's welcome. I did not delay being conducted to the Attaman's presence; and words cannot express the hospitable greeting of the kind old man. He embraced me, and repeatedly congratulated himself on the events,

whatever they might have been, which had induced me to change my route to that of his territory. When he could spare me to proceed, he said, he would pledge himself that I should have every facility in his power to bring me to Tiflis in safety. The police-officer of Tcherkask being in the room, was ordered to provide me suitable quarters in the town; but the Attaman's table was to be mine, and he commanded an equipage to be placed entirely at my disposal. I urged that my stay must be short; but he would not hear of my leaving him till I had shared with him the honour of a visit he was then expecting from his imperial highness the Grand Duke Michael. Anxious as I was to lose no time in crossing the Caucasus, I could not withstand persuasions flowing from a heart so kindly to myself, and grateful to my country. He expressed, in the most enthusiastic language, his sense of the attentions bestowed on him by all ranks of persons during his stay in England, in the year 1814; he said, that, independent of private respect for individuals, he must always consider himself fortunate when circumstances brought any Englishman into the Donskoy country, to whom he might evince his gratitude.

I passed the remainder of the day with my venerable host; and on my return to the city, found most comfortable quarters, to which, in my absence, my carriage, servants, &c. had been carefully transferred. All were placed under a guard of honour, which was to hold attendance there during my stay at Tcherkask.

Next morning Count Platoff called upon me to see how his hospitable orders had been fulfilled. He took me to dine with him at his house in Tcherkask, whither he was going to inspect the preparations he had ordered for welcoming his imperial highness [the Grand Duke Michael.]

The hour of dinner, in this country, is generally two o'clock; but Count Platoff always dined at five, or sometimes a little later. The manner of serving the repast differs in nothing from the style at Moscow, excepting that more wine is drank. The wines most in use, came from the Greek islands; yet his excellency boasts his own red and white champagnes of the Don, which, when old, are hardly inferior to the wines of that name in France. I drank at the Attaman's table another sort of red wine, as excellent as any from Bourdeaux. It is made by a family of Germans, whom his excellency brought from the Rhine. And, from these specimens, I have little doubt that were the like culture of the grape, and similar treatment of the juice when pressed from the fruit, pursued throughout the country, the Donskoy vineyards would produce wines that might rival, not only those of Greece, but of France and Germany.

Game is abundant here, and of the most delicious sort, particularly bustards, pheasants, partridges, &c. &c. Fish, too,

is in equal plenty; and, as a luxury, sturgeon holds an eminent place. Indeed, good cheer of all kinds is procured at a very moderate expense; and, if I may be allowed to judge, by the liberal examples I saw, the bounties of nature are neither neglected nor churlishly appropriated by the natives of the Don.

Our author speaks in high terms of the Cossacks of the Don, as robust, fair, and handsome, hospitable, brave, honourable, and scrupulously religious; the Cossack women are inferior to the men in personal endowments, as well as in mental ability:—

The usual female appearance is short stature, faces of strong Tartar features, with eyes, however, almost invariably large and dark. The style of dress is decidedly fashioned from the east. A sort of chemise, (or small shift,) of coloured linen, buttoned round the neck, and with sleeves to the wrist; a pair of trowsers, of similar stuff, are covered by a silk caftan, reaching as low as the ankles. This upper garment is fastened from the neck to the bottom of the waist, with buttons of small pearls, in form and workmanship like those in gold or silver from the Brazils. The waist is bound with a girdle also, ornamented with pearls, and frequently clasped by a diamond buckle. The heads of married ladies are adorned with, literally, a silken night-cap, which is wrapped about with a gaily-coloured handkerchief, in the form of a fillet. The unmarried, (like the damsels in Russia of the lower class,) wear their hair in a long plait down their backs; but with this difference from the Russian girl,—instead of a bunch of ribbons at the termination of the plait, the handkerchief with which the head is bound, twists round the braid, nearly to its end, something in the manner of the Corsican caps.

The author's animated description of the stupendous mountains of Caucasus, is one of his most picturesque scenes. He says,—

No pen can express the emotion which the sudden burst of this sublime range excited in my mind. I had seen almost all the wildest and most gigantic chains in Portugal and Spain, but none gave me an idea of the vastness and grandeur of that I now contemplated. This seemed nature's bulwark between the nations of Europe and of Asia. Elborus, amongst whose rocks tradition reports Prometheus to have been chained, stood, clad in primeval snows, a world of mountains in itself, towering above all, its white and radiant summits mingling with the heavens; while the pale and countless heads of the subordinate range, high in themselves, but far beneath its altitude, stretched along the horizon, till lost to sight in the soft fleeces of the clouds. Several rough and huge masses of black rock rose from the intermediate plain; their size was mountainous; but being

viewed near the mighty Caucasus, and compared with them, they appeared little more than hills; yet the contrast was fine, their dark brows giving greater effect to the dazzling summits which towered above them. Poets hardly feign, when they talk of the genius of a place. I know not who could behold Caucasus, and not feel the spirit of its sublime solitudes awing his soul.

The author describes, with great minuteness, the dangers and difficulties he had to encounter in passing Mount Caucasus, an attempt in which numbers of persons perish annually. On arriving at Annanour, he was obliged to perform four days' quarantine, and sleep in a hut, on a floor overgrown with mushrooms, and the windows and door admitting the rain and storm. After the first night, he preferred sleeping in his own carriage. At Tiflis, in Georgia, which is 2627 wersts, (about 1700 English miles,) from St. Petersburg, there is a mountain stream, pure and cold at its fountain-head, but mingling here with the hot springs which take their rise in the adjacent heights, it derives all those medicinal properties whose fame gave birth to Tiflis. Over this steaming flood the public baths are erected. The water which supplies the bathing-houses, both for the men and women, which are distinct, is strongly impregnated with sulphur. Its degree of heat may be reckoned at about from fifteen to thirty-six degrees of Reaumur, in the several basins; but at the source of the hot stream it is about forty-two. The baths of the men are described as extremely filthy: what those of the women are will appear from the following extract. Our author says,—

I was urged by the gentleman who accompanied me, to try if we could not get a glimpse into the baths dedicated to the fair sex. The attempt seemed wild; but, to please him, I turned towards the building, and, to our astonishment, found no difficulty in entering. An old woman was standing at the door; and she, without the least scruple, not only shewed us the way, but played our sybil the whole while. In one of the bathing-rooms nearest to the door we found a great number of naked children, of different infantine ages, immersed in a circular bath in the middle of the chamber, where their mothers were occupied in washing and rubbing them. The forms of children are always lovely; and, altogether, there being a regularity, and its consequent cleanliness, attending the adjustment of their little persons, we looked on, without receiving any of those disagreeable impressions which had disgusted us in the baths of their fathers. Passing through this apartment, without any remark of surprise

or displeasure from the mothers of the children, we entered a much larger chamber, well lighted, and higher vaulted in the roof. No water was seen here; but a stone divan, spread with carpets and mattresses, was placed round the room, and on it lay, or sat, women in every attitude and occupation consequent on an Asiatic bath. Some were half-dressed, and others hardly had a covering. They were attended by servants, employed in rubbing the fair forms of these ladies with dry cloths, or dyeing their hair and eyebrows, or finally painting, or rather enamelling, their faces. On quitting this apartment (which we did as easily as we entered it, without creating the least alarm or astonishment at our audacity), we passed into the place whence they had just emerged from the water. Here we found a vast cavern-like chamber, gloomily lighted, and smelling most potently of sulphuric evaporations, which ascended from nearly twenty deep excavations. Through these filmy vapours, wreathing like smoke over the surface of a boiling cauldron, we could distinguish the figures of women, in every posture, perhaps, which the fancy of man could devise for the sculpture of bathing goddesses. But, I confess, we were as much shocked as surprised, at the unblushing coolness with which the Georgian Venuses continued their ablutions, after they had observed our entrance; they seemed to have as little modest covering on their minds, as on their bodies; and the whole scene became so unpleasant, that, declining our conductress's offer to show us farther, we made good our retreat, fully satisfied with the extent of our gratified curiosity.

'Persons who bathe for health do not remain longer than a few minutes, or whatever time may be prescribed, in the water; but when the bath is taken for pleasure, these people are so fond of it, that, like the Turks in the case of opium, they prolong its application to such an extent, as ultimately to be equally injurious to their strength and personal appearance. Some pass many hours every day in this debilitating atmosphere, independent of one whole day in each week; great part of which, however, is spared from the water, to be spent in making up their faces, blackening the hair, eyebrows, and eye-lashes, so as to render only occasional repairs necessary during the ensuing week. Thus occupied in the vaulted room, these Eastern goddesses, growing in renewed beauty under the hands of their attendant graces, meet each other in social conference; discussing family anecdotes, or little scandals of their acquaintance; and, not unfrequently, laying as entertaining grounds of retaliation, by the arrangement of some little intrigue of their own. For, I am told, there are days in the week when any lady may engage the bath for herself alone, or with any other party she may choose to introduce as her companion. The good dame who was our conductress, I understood, is

never backward in preparing such accommodation.'

There are many singular traditions respecting the mountain Elborous, which is sixteen thousand seven hundred feet above the sea. The inhabitants say, that during the subsiding of the deluge, the ark, while floating over these mountains, smote the head of Elborous with its keel, and the cleft it made in the mountains has remained ever since. Heathen traditions and classical writers affirm, that Elborous was the huge and savage rock of the Caucasus, to which Prometheus was chained; and there is still a tradition among the natives, that bones of an enormous giant, exposed there by divine wrath, are yet to be seen on its small summit.

Sir Robert, who appears very partial to the Russian government, describes Georgia as having been much improved since it has been annexed to Russia. At a banquet given by the Governor of Georgia, General Yarmolloff, our author had an opportunity of witnessing the dances and music of the Georgians, of which he does not give a favourable account; he also saw several Circassians, whom he describes as no way inferior in beauty to the long-celebrated charms of their fair country-women. The costume of the Circassians is martial and graceful; and, to show how expert they are in the use of the fusil, as well as in the management of the horse, he states, that,—

'One morning, while riding with the Circassian Prince and Colonel Yarmolloff, the governor's nephew, the former put his horse off at speed; and while going the distance of a verst, he loaded and discharged his gun six times, taking, at the same time, very deliberate aim in various directions.'

The Circassians have nothing like a written law among them, but are governed by a sort of common right. On momentous occasions, the great bulk of the people meet in the open air, when a certain number of grave personages are selected to represent the rest, and are called elders; and if these agree with the prince and the nobles on the measure proposed, it is adopted. These meetings resemble the wittenagemots of our ancestors. The women of Circassia are brought up in simple and domestic habits by their mothers, a mode of education that must make the act of being torn from their parents and country (so frequently the case) doubly distressing to the youthful victims:—

'They are taught by their mothers not

merely the use of the needle in decorative works, but to make their own clothes, and those of the men of their family. Soon after a female infant is born, her waist is encircled by a leathern bandage, sewn tight, and which only gives way afterwards to the natural growth of the child. It is then replaced by another; and so on till the shape is completely formed, according to the taste of the country. The first night of her nuptials, the husband cuts the cincture with his poignard; a custom something dangerous, and certainly terrific to the blushing bride. After marriage, the women are kept very close, not even their husband's own relations being suffered to visit them; but what seems an extraordinary inconsistency, a man has no objection to allow that privilege to a stranger, whom he permits to enter the sacred precincts of his home, without himself to be a guard over its decorum. For it is a rule with the Circassians never to be seen by a third person in the presence of their wives; and they observe it strictly to their latest years.

'On the morning of the celebration of a marriage, the bride presents her intended husband with a coat of mail, helmet, and all other articles necessary for a full equipment for war. Her father, on the same day, gives her a small portion of her dowry; while he, at the same time, receives from his son-in-law, an exchange of genealogies; a punctilio, on which they all pique themselves with as great a nicety, as on any point of personal honour; every man being more or less esteemed, according to the purity and illustrious names of his descent. When the first child of the marriage is born, the father of the bride pays up the residue of her fortune to the husband; presenting her, at the same auspicious moment, with the distinguishing badges of a married woman (never put on with this tribe until offspring is the fruit of union,) which honourable marks are, a long white veil over a sort of red coif; all the rest of the dress being white also. Indeed, white is universal with the women, married and single, but the men always wear colours. The wife has the care of her husband's arms and armour; and she is so habitually anxious he should not disgrace them, that if she have the most distant idea, he has used them with less bravery, in any particular action, than his brethren, she never ceases assailing him with reproach and derision, till he washes away the stain of imputed cowardice, either in the blood of his enemies or his own. At present, the professed religion of these people is Mahometan; but this sort of female heroism, speaks more like the high mind of a Spartan virgin or a Roman matron, than one of the soulless daughters of the Arabian prophet. Formerly the Christian faith had made some progress among them, but not a vestige of its ordinances is now to be found. Hospitality, however, is an eminent virtue with the tribe of the true Circassians; and it is a no in-

consequential one, in the remote regions of savage men, and more savage hostility. One of the courtesies peculiarly reserved by this tribe, to do honour to strangers, I have already mentioned; that of admitting them to the sacredness of their domestic hearths; but this sort of welcome goes still farther, and even to a preposterous length (to say the least of it) amongst other tribes of the Caucasus, and particularly that of the Kisty. When a traveller arrives at one of their abodes, the host orders one of his daughters to do the honours of his reception, to take care of his horse and baggage, to prepare his meals, and when night comes on, to share his bed. The refusal of the latter part of the entertainment, would be considered as a great affront to the young lady and her father. The natives of a part of Lapland, not very far from Torneo, have a similar custom; but then it is the wife of the host, whom he delivers into the bosom of his guest; and she remains with the stranger as his exclusive property, during the whole of his sojourn under her husband's roof. This fact I learnt while I was in that part of the world, during the months of December and January, in the severe winter of 1812-13.

It is remarked, that every seven or eight years, an overwhelming avalanche takes place in the Caucasus. One of these, in November, 1817, which blocked up the course of the Terek, was full twenty eight fathoms, or one hundred and eighty-six feet high, and its extent more than four English miles:—

'The pale summit of the mountain Kasibek, on the side which shelves down into the dark valley between Derial and the village which bears the mountain's name, had been seen abruptly to move. In an instant it was launched forward; and nothing was now beheld for the shaken snow and dreadful overshadowing of the falling destruction. The noise that accompanied it was the most stunning, bursting, and rolling onward, of all that must make death certain. As the avalanche rushed, huge masses of rock, rifted from the mountain's side, were driving before it: and the snows and ice of centuries, pouring down in immense shattered forms and rending heaps, fell like the fall of an earthquake; covering, from human eyes, villages, valleys, and people! What an awful moment, when all was still! when the dreadful cries of man and beast were heard no more; and the tremendous avalanche lay a vast, motionless, white shroud on all around.'

A similar avalanche stopped the course of the Terek, in June, 1776; when its impeded waters rose to the height of two hundred and fifty-eight feet, and suddenly tore a passage through the rocky barrier of that tremendous defile, and rushed onward in a devastating flood. At Amamloo, a wild hamlet of a burrow-like character,

our traveller experienced the kindness of the inhabitants, although their dwellings were extremely unpromising, and in form like a large rabbit hole:—

'Within is a room which fills the whole compass of the house, being from sixteen to eighteen feet wide, and often of still greater length; a size we might deem ill-proportioned to the outward lowness of the dwelling; but it is dug three or four feet below the surface of the earth, which gives a height to the apartment, not to be anticipated from without. At one end, commonly near the door, a space is always left, untouched by the spade, sufficient to form a sort of distinct chamber; but not otherwise divided from the sunken part, than by the more elevated floor. At one side of this superior quarter, we find the hearth with its chimney; and opposite to them, a small hole in the roof, to admit light. The floor is the bare earth, beaten very hard; but coarse carpets are spread along the sides for the people to sit and sleep on. No table or stools are visible. The walls are merely dried mud, with something like cup-boards left in them, to hold the little property of the family. Directly over the fire place, we find a small hollow of the same kind, for the reception of a hand-lamp, and this they never failed lighting up, whenever I happened to be their guest, though I always, on such occasions, burnt my own candles. So much for the human-habitable part of this sepulchral-like abode; the rest of it, that is, the pit, was assigned to the pigs, sheep, horses, &c. of the family.'

On entering, the Persian frontier, at Kotchivan, our traveller was particularly struck with the depopulated state of the country. The wildest steppes of Russia were nothing to its desolation, 'proofs standing every where of a once flourishing people, now swept from the face of the earth; the remains of great cities, of towns, of villages, all over the plains and valleys; with the lines of their wide communications marked by numerous watch-towers, still existing on the spots whence they had dispensed protection.' Sir Robert rested at a Mahometan village on the side of the Moschian hills: his escort, seeing a flock of sheep, plunged in among them, and seizing two or three, soon had them dressed and eaten. This was nothing more, in their opinions, than a mere exercise of their horses, and as much their right as the air they breathe.

Sir Robert Porter is of opinion, that the ark of Noah rested between the two heads of Mount Ararat, distant 12,000 yards, and called Great Ararat and Little Ararat. The height of this stupendous mountain has never been ascertained correctly; though Captain Monteith, of the Madras Engineers,

has gone nearer to the mark, perhaps, than any preceding traveller. By trigonometrical observations he made at Ecrivan, he found, that from that place to the highest point of the loftiest head, was fifty-two thousand yards, and from the same spot to the minor head, fifty-five thousand yards.

Various attempts have been made, in different ages, to ascend these tremendous mountain pyramids, but in vain; their form, snows, and glaciers, are insurmountable obstacles; the distance being so great from the commencement of the icy region to the highest points, cold alone would be the destruction of any person who should have the hardihood to persevere. Our author contradicts the assertion of Dr. Reinigg, that there was a volcanic eruption in Mount Ararat, in 1783, for, on arriving at the monastery of Eitch-mai-adzen, and discoursing with the fathers on the subject, he found, that 'a register of the general appearance of the mountain had been regularly kept by their predecessors and themselves, for upwards of eight hundred years, and that nothing of an eruption, or any thing tending to such an event, was to be found in any one of those notices.' They further assured him, that although several of them had been resident in the plain for upwards of forty years, that during the whole of that period, they had never seen even a smoke from the mountain.

The monastery of Eitch-mai-adzen had long been celebrated for its relics, so minutely described by Chardin; among these are the stone on which St. Gregory sat, or, perhaps, more properly, slept during his celestial vision, and the spear head, with which the soldier pierced the side of our Lord. The spear-head is very large, and has a Greek cross cut in its centre; a testimony that may be received of its former lodging, at Constantinople (as mentioned by several writers), but a direct contradiction to the pretended evidence of its having belonged to a heathen soldier. Another relic is also shown here:—

'A fragment of the ark, which had hatched in the mountain, under whose shadow this venerable monastery has continued for so many centuries in perfect safety. The circumstances which brought the relic into the possession of the fathers is thus related:—Many hundred years ago, a certain pious monk of the order, undertook the hitherto unattempted [qu? unaccomplished] task of ascending to the top of the mountain, to find the remains of the sacred vessel, and to bring away

some part of it, to receive a due shrine in the church at the foot of Ararat. But ere he had gone far over the snows of the last terrible regions of ice and cold, he fell asleep, and an angel appearing to him, in a vision, told him, that beyond such a point no mortal since the descent of Noah was permitted to pass; but that, in reward to the singular piety of the convent, a heavenly messenger had been commanded to bring to this, its devout brother, a plank of the holy ship; which, at his awaking, he would find at his side. When the monk arose, he found it was as the angel had said, and the remainder of the long story may easily be guessed at.

(To be continued.)

The Third Tour of Dr. Syntax in search of a Wife. A Poem. 8vo. pp. 279. London, 1821.

A WRITER who has contributed so largely to the amusement of the public, as the author of *Dr. Syntax*, though certainly entitled to retire at his own time, cannot, however, be quitted without regret; and although he is an octogenarian, and it would seem cruel to send a person of his age again on his travels, yet we confess we are sorry that he declares this to be his last tour, and has actually consigned the worthy hero of his muse to the tomb. The 'Third Tour of Dr. Syntax' is written in the same pleasingly tripping style as the preceding ones; the incidents are all natural, and are narrated so familiarly as to present themselves before us at once, were they not aided by the excellent designs of Rowlandson. The doctor, in his search for a wife, meets with a variety of adventures, and after making some overtures to ladies who did not entertain them, he at length met a more compliant fair, and was married. The happy pair retired to the rectory, where they had only passed two summers, when, during a fishing excursion on the Lakes, Mrs. Syntax fell into the water, when the doctor instantly—

'Plung'd into the wave,
The darling of his life to save,—
When Patrick follow'd, nothing loth,
And flound'ring, nearly drown'd them both;
But they were near the grassy shore,
And all the danger soon was o'er.'

The consequences were, however, fatal to the doctor, who was taken ill the next morning; the lancet and blisters were applied in vain, and he was conveyed to bed:—

'Torpor then o'er his senses crept,
And he appear'd as if he slept;
But Death had given the final stroke,
For from that sleep he never woke;
Nor will he e'er again awake,
Till Creation's self shall shake,
And the last trump its silence break,

To call him, with a life renew'd,
To the bright guerdon of the good.'

The funeral of the worthy doctor concludes the volume:—

'When the good man had breath'd his last,
Poor Mrs. Syntax stood aghast;
Then clos'd her pale cheek to his face,
And clasp'd him in a long embrace:
Nor did she on the horror wait,
To contemplate the work of fate;
But to the hall in hurry bled,
With little Johnny by her side.
She told her state, pale as despair,
And fill'd the house with sorrow there.

Thus SYNTAX clos'd his life's career,
With all to hope and nought to fear.
The frequent tear still in his eyes,
Worthy prepar'd the obsequies—
With all due rites to grace the end
Of his belov'd lamented friend.

O 'twas a melancholy scene,
When he was borne along the green!
What train of mourners did appear,
And scarce an eye without a tear;—
No toil the harvest fields display,
It seem'd grief's mournful holiday.
The village wept,—the hamlets round,
Crowded the consecrated ground;
And waited there to see the end—
Of pastor, teacher, father, friend!
When in the cold ground he was laid,
Poor Patrick, from his trembling spade,
Could scarce the light dust scatter o'er
The form which he should see no more.

At first the bursting sorrow came
In floods, upon the widow'd dame;
But, by affection's care consol'd,
Unruly grief was soon control'd;
Religion, too, had taught her mind,
In law divine, to be resign'd;
Though, for the rankling heart-felt wound,
A perfect cure was never found.

O 'twas a loss! the blessing flew—
Th' enjoyment and the prospect too!
It was a tranquil calm delight;
No glare,—but ev'ry day was bright.
Through life's lone way she travell'd on,
In gloomy guise, with *Little John*,
The relict of the man they lov'd,
She still the *Worthies'* kindness prov'd;
While *Dicky Bend*, and his fond wife,
Had been and were her friends through life.

But, once a year, affection's claim,
The pilgrim widow always came
To Sommerden, to shed a tear
Beside his tomb who died for her;
And *Little John*, as there he knelt,
Was taught to weep for what she felt;
And, as he wept, he scarce knew why,
Lisp'd the instinctive agony.

The tomb, near path-way side appear'd,
By *Worthy's* sadden'd friendship rear'd:
Near it, the dark o'erspread yew,
Sheds tears of morn and evening dew;
And, as the sculpture meets the eye,
"ALAS, POOR SYNTAX!" with a sigh,
Is read by every passer by;
And wakes the pensive thought sincere,
For ever sad!—for ever dear!
My verse has now no more to tell,
The story's done.—SYNTAX—farewell!

'Alas! poor Syntax,' we involuntarily exclaim, but cannot yet say 'farewell,' until we have introduced thee to our readers in a less painful character than in thy tomb. In the tour of the doctor, he encounters a Miss

Crotchet, who he was told prided herself on her musical attainments; the doctor, therefore, to please the lady, mentioned the subject of harmony:—

'Please her it did, for off she ran
With the same thought,—and thus began.

"You doctor, as I understand,
Are fit to aid an opera band;
And, therefore, you may scarce incline
To add to such a cross as mine:
But if your powers will condescend
To treat me as a common friend,
You shall, sir, in the evening try
My little school of harmony.
It is not oft 'mong ladies seen,
But I play on the violin.
To touch the harp and the piano,
Is what each farmer's daughter can do;
And therefore 'tis I wish to move
With those who by their science prove
An honour to the art I love.
Hence my fond mind is solely bent
To chuse this arduous instrument.
I have a foreign person here,
Who at our dinner will appear,
A widow of the music tribe,
Whom I with handsome salr'y bribe
To live with me in friendly guise,
As mistress of my harmonies:
She plays the bass, blows the bassoon,
And keeps the instruments in tune;
Teaches the parish boys to sing
Psalms, anthems, and God save the King."

'At length came the appointed hour
When, in the garden's gawdy bow'r,
Where flowers and climbing plants o'erlaid,
Combin'd to form a scented shade,
These vot'ries of sweet sounds appear
To wake Apollo's list'ning ear
—Miss C— began with furious force,
The doctor followed her of course,
While the old dame, with slower pace,
Came rumbling after on the bass;
But ere they got to the conclusion,
Th' harmonious piece was all confusion.
If great Corelli, from the dead,
Could have rais'd his list'ning head
And just then heard his mangled strain;
He would have wish'd to die again.

Miss was too fast by many a bar,
The old one was behind as far,
While Syntax strove their faults to cover
By smoth'ring one and then the other.
"O ho," he whisper'd, "this same trio
Will shortly end in my *Addio*."

—He thought at least he would be civil
And try to check the coming evil;
For he saw in Miss Crotchet's face
That rage was working his disgrace.

"If music be the food of love,
Let us another trio prove,"
Syntax exclaim'd; when she replied,
"I tell you I am petrified;
To me, you humstrum, it appears,
That you have neither eyes nor ears;
You could as well bestride the moon,
As keep your time or stop in tune;
And 'twas, in an extreme degree,
Impertinence to play with me."

—Instead of time he thought he'd beat,
With all good manners a retreat;
But in retiring from the threat,
With which he thought he was beset,
He overturn'd the o'ergrown fiddle,
And set his foot plump in the middle?
The crash produc'd a shriek of rage,
Which nought he utter'd could assuage,

When, to avoid the rout and roar,
He quickly pass'd the mansion door,
And driven by Discord, sought to fly
From this strange scene of harmony,
While, with vociferating halloo,
He call'd on his man Pat to follow.'

The coloured engravings are highly characteristic and humorous; and, to the lovers of light reading, few productions will afford so rich a treat as the *Three Tours of Dr. Syntax*.

Oliver Cromwell and his Times.

By Thomas Cromwell.

(Concluded from p. 339.)

In the trial of Charles, Cromwell does not appear to have taken any prominent part, although his name stands the third in the list of signatures to the warrant for beheading the unfortunate monarch. 'Cromwell,' says our author, 'to hide the perturbation of his soul, enacted his part with an affectation of sport.' The *sport*, it appears, consisted in joking with Henry Marten, by marking each others faces with the pen, previous to subscribing their names to a mandate that consigned their sovereign to an ignominious death. It has been often asserted, on the authority of a passage in Spence's *Anecdotes*, that Cromwell wished to save the King, but there appears little ground for the assertion, and if he did not give an active, it was at least an uninterrupted acquiescence in all the proceedings against him.

The death of the King was followed by the abolition of the House of Peers, which was declared to be 'useless and dangerous.' A 'council of state' was appointed, and the commons, to put the finishing hand to their work, ordered the statues of the late King at St. Paul's and the Royal Exchange, to be taken down, and in the niche where the latter stood, they caused the following inscription to be substituted:—
'EXIT TYRANNUS REGUM ULTIMUS.'

Six months after the death of the King, Cromwell was sent to Ireland as the Parliament's Lord-lieutenant, where, by the celerity of his movements, his military severities, and his well-timed clemency, he in less than nine months reduced the island to submission. His career in Ireland is described by his biographer as 'executioner-like,' and his ferocity in the military slaughter of nearly three thousand men within the walls of a subdued town, which he directed and personally superintended at Drogheda, is an indelible stain on his memory.

Cromwell's next campaign was against the Scots, and his Declaration,

in the name of the Parliament, setting forth the grounds of his hostile march, was singularly enough addressed,—
'To all that are saints, and partakers of the faith of God's elect in Scotland.' In the early part of the war, he was not very successful, and his army had from various causes suffered immense losses, which made him determine to retreat:—

'Previously to resolving upon this step, Cromwell, stung by the pertinacity of the Scots, himself, on one occasion, headed a 'forlorn' against two or three thousand of their horse, who were drawn out on the west side of the city, hoping to bring them to a conflict; but they retreated immediately upon his appearance. One of them, however, fired a carbine at him as he "went before" his men; upon which Cromwell hallooed to the Scotchman, that "if he had been one of his soldiers, he would have cashiered him for firing at such a distance!" The man, having formerly served in England under Leslie, knew the general, and, coming over to him, told him he was "Cromwell himself," and that he had seen him in Yorkshire with his master, (Leslie.)'

Cromwell, drawing his force, which scarcely numbered twelve thousand men, towards Dunbar, shipped his heavy baggage and the sick, when the Scots' army, twenty-seven thousand strong, closely followed him. A battle was now inevitable, and Cromwell, though feeling the difficulties of his situation, was not dismayed;—

'Accordingly, on the night preceding the memorable 3rd of September, 1650, he called his principal officers together, and gave general instructions to his army—to "seek the Lord," the customary expression for prayer in that day. After their devotions, he assumed his wonted serenity of manner and countenance; and feeling, as he said, his heart enlarged, and his spirits quieted, he bade them "*all take heart, for God had certainly heard them, and would appear for them.*" As the daylight broke, they walked in the Earl of Roxburgh's gardens; from whence, through the morning mists, they could indistinctly trace the extended (too extended) position of their enemies. On the preceding evening, Cromwell's tact had detected an error in the posture of their right, towards the sea, from which he thought an advantage might be derived; noticing this to those around him, they concurred with him in the idea; and he had dispatched, during the darkness, a detachment to turn the flank of the Scots in that direction. This detachment attacked the enemy at six in the morning, on the eminence where they were posted, and put them in some disorder. Just as the manœuvre on this flank was, therefore, taking effect, Cromwell, still watching the Scots through his prospective glass, perceived a general stir throughout their

camp; upon which he at once daringly exclaimed, "God is delivering them into our hands!—They are coming down to us!"

'He had not purposed waiting the general attack; and, instantly arraying all his remaining forces, he led them to meet the deluge of Scottish war that in reality was soon seen sweeping from their hills. Coming up with the rear of the troops who were still in close conflict with the Scottish right, he ordered an extension of his line, by which he brought both armies into a position to be "engaged all over the field." The meeting on either side was more than commonly determined; the Scotch rushing forward with the confidence resulting both from their individual bravery and the sense of their so greatly superior strength; the English advancing with that cool energy, the source of so many triumphs recorded in their history, and which, on so many other occasions, has taught them how to derive victory from desperate circumstances. Almost from the first clash of the hostile weapons, it became apparent to which side the victory would incline. Never did Cromwell more enthusiastically, and yet more calmly, exert himself: never, with his slightly silvered locks, and piercing looks of stern composure, did he appear so like the ancient genius of war, less contending for an uncertain triumph, than assuring it to every soldier of the little band in whose every breast his energies expanded. In the thick of the fight, the sun then rising in majesty from the sea, he seized upon his appearance with a poet's feeling, united with an intense conviction of the presence and favour of the god of battles; crying aloud, "Now let God arise, and his enemies shall be scattered!" And, in truth, vain were all the advantages which the Scots derived from their numbers, and from the pouring of their masses down, while the English had to toil and fight their way up, the steep hills of this bloody contest. In something more than an hour, during which, but for Cromwell's well-judged flanking attack, (whereby several bodies of the Scots, when once routed, themselves routed entire regiments in their rear,) every man in his army might have been at least twice met by an opponent, the enemy were thrown into inextricable confusion. In a few minutes, the route along their own line was then complete, and the English had "the chase and execution of them near eight miles."

When Cromwell returned from his Scottish campaign, he began seriously to aim at absolute power, and consulted Whitelock on the subject of the probable consequences of a man taking 'upon him to be a king.' Whitelock was against it. Soon afterwards Cromwell dissolved the Parliament by a military force; and it is one among the thousand instances of the subserviency of the public journals to the powers that

be, to find in the 'Mercurius Politicus,' the authorized gazette of the time, the following notice of this event:—

"Westminster, April 20. The Lord General delivered in Parliament *divers reasons* wherefore a present period should be put to the sitting of this Parliament; and it was accordingly done; the Speaker and the members all departing. The grounds of which proceeding will (its probable) be shortly made public."

Every day and every measure tended to strengthen the power of Cromwell, and on the 16th of December, 1653, he was ceremoniously inaugurated Lord Protector, in the Chancery Court, at Westminster, in which office he gained the respect of all the courts of Europe; and it must be admitted that, during the time of his government, the character of England was maintained with all foreign powers.

Cromwell called a new and what he called a *free* Parliament; but he assumed an unwarrantable dictatorship, and although he found it tolerably compliant, yet he dissolved it on the 22d of January, 1655. His speech to the members on this occasion, contains some curious passages. Speaking of the necessity he should be under to raise money and do other things 'for the benefit of the nation,' without parliamentary authority, he observes that some may,—

"Object—it is an easy thing to talk of necessities, when men create necessities. Would not the Lord Protector make himself great, and his family great? Doth not he make these necessities?—And then he will come upon the people with this argument of necessity. This were something hard indeed; but I have not yet known what it is to make necessities, whatsoever the judgment or thoughts of men are. And I say this not only to this assembly, but to the world, that that man liveth not, that can come to me, and charge me that I have in these great revolutions made necessities. I challenge even all that fear God; and, as God hath said, 'My glory will I not give unto another,' let men take heed, and be twice advised, how they call his revolutions—the things of God, and his working of things from one period to another—how, I say, they call them necessities of man's creation; for, by so doing, they do vilify and lessen the works of God, and rob him of his glory, which he hath said he will not give unto another, nor suffer to be taken from him. It was (say some) the cunning of the Lord Protector, (I take it to myself); it was the craft of such a man, and his plot, that hath brought it about; and, (as they say in other countries) there are five or six cunning men in England, that have skill; they do all these things. Oh! what blas-

phemy is this! because that men are without God in this world, and walk not with him, and know not what it is to pray or believe, and to receive returns from God, and to be spoken unto by the spirit of God, who speaks without a written word sometimes, yet according to it. Therefore, whatever you may judge men for, and say—'this man is cunning, politic, and subtle,'—take heed, again I say, how you judge of His revolutions as the products of men's inventions."

Whatever may be said in favour of Cromwell's government, so far as related to foreign policy, it is certain that he was a tyrant at home:—

'Once he did not hesitate to imprison counsel of the first eminence, (Maynard, Twisden, and Windham,) in the Tower, for merely pleading the cause of their client at the bar; and would not release them, but upon their petition, couched in the humblest terms. Many also were imprisoned by him, upon warrants under his own hand alone; or without cause assigned; or secured in Jersey, and other islands, without the reach of a *habeas corpus*. Nay, sometimes, the civil officers received their instructions from him in the following laconic terms: "Sir, I pray you seize A. B., &c. and all others whom you shall judge dangerous men; do it quickly, and you shall have a warrant after it is done." These are facts which can be substantiated by genuine historical documents; or by the Journals of the House, containing the reports of committees of Parliament after Cromwell's death, and his son Richard's accession: well were it for his credit, as a *consistent* character, if their authenticity could be disputed; for they as certainly rival the most flagrant acts for which Charles had been dethroned, as they prove the criminal weaknesses, that are liable to beset the strongest minds, when ambition has hurried their possessors beyond the bounds which reason and duty prescribe to them.'

But the most sweeping instance of his tyranny was the establishment of a military government, by dividing the whole kingdom into eleven districts, and placing a military officer over each, in quality of major-general, with the most arbitrary and unlimited powers. The disturbed, though not inglorious reign of Cromwell, now drew to a close:—

'An old age of cares and troubles, rather than of years, had overtaken him; and his pictures taken at this time, are strongly marked with the lines written by inquietude in his features. Robust as he had been, the madness of parties, the estrangement of friends, the increasing disaffection of that vast army, whom to support, without parliamentary supplies, had plunged him into very considerable pecuniary embarrassments, exhausted his frame, while they lacerated, and at length greatly weakened, his mind; insomuch,

that the recollection of the numerous schemes for his assassination, that he had either himself discovered, or had been informed of, haunted him continually; he grew pensive, melancholy, and seemed devoured with self-dissatisfaction and chagrin. Gradually, he became more and more difficult of access, and would seem uneasy in the presence of strangers; never travelled, unless surrounded with his guards; and seldom slept on two successive nights in the same apartment.'

This wretched state of existence terminated on his 'beloved and victorious' third of September, 1658. He was buried with more than regal pomp, his requiem being sung by a thousand bards; and his son quietly succeeded to his power, which, however, he soon resigned, and the royal family was restored. The Appendix contains many valuable documents illustrative of the subject, and including several of Cromwell's letters; the puritanical style in which his correspondence was always written, is, however, so well known, that we do not deem it necessary to extend this review by any further extracts. We shall, therefore, only add, that, notwithstanding some inaccuracies and inelegancies of style, our author has given a very interesting memoir of Cromwell, and has better enabled us to form a due estimate of the real character of that extraordinary individual, than any preceding biographer or historian.

THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

Part XVIII. Anecdotes of Shipwreck.

OF all the miseries to which a life of adventure is subject, that of shipwreck is, perhaps, the most afflicting. It is not merely contending with the warring element in the storms of the ocean, but when the wretched mariners are fortunate enough to survive the disasters which it occasions, it is often only to perish on an inhospitable shore, or to encounter new dangers and difficulties, in all the varieties of hunger, fatigue, and savage hostility. Of all the subjects which the brothers Percy have selected for anecdote, that of shipwreck, though one of the most interesting, is the least novel; and we unavoidably meet with much that we have before seen; the only merit, therefore, that this work possesses, is, that the narratives are much condensed, and related with great spirit, by which means, the substance of half a dozen octavo volumes is compressed within the narrow limits of a half-crown 18mo.

We select three anecdotes, which, though neither the best nor the most

interesting, appear to us as not the most generally known:—

'Negro Devotion.—An English gentleman and his lady, who were on their passage to the East Indies, in one of the vessels of an English fleet, paid a visit to the admiral's ship, leaving two young children in the care of a Negro servant, who was about eighteen years of age. A violent storm arising during their absence, the ship containing the two children was fast sinking, when a boat arrived from the admiral's ship for their relief. The crew eagerly crowded to the boat; but the Negro lad finding there was only room for him alone, or the two children, generously put them on board, and remained himself on the wreck, which, with the generous boy, was immediately engulfed in the ocean.

'This interesting circumstance has been made the subject of the following lines, by Sellbeck Osborn:—

'Tremendous howls the angry blast!

The boldest hearts with terror quake!

High o'er the vessel's tottering mast

The liquid mountains fiercely break!

Each eye is fix'd in wild despair,

And death displays its terrors there!

Now plunging in the dread abyss,

They pierce the bosom of the deep;

Now rise where vivid lightnings hiss,

And seem the murky clouds to sweep—

Thro' the dark waste dread thunders roll,

And horrors chill the frigid soul!

The storm abates; but shattered sore,

The leaky vessel drinks the brine;

They seek in vain some friendly shore,

Their spirits sink, their hopes decline!

But, lo! what joy succeeds their grief,

Kind Heaven grants the wish'd relief.

See, on the deck, young *Marco* stands,

Two blooming cherubs by his side,

Entrusted to his faithful hands,—

'A mother's joy, a father's pride;

Tho' black his *skin*, as shades of night,

His heart is fair; his soul is white!

Each to the yawl with rapture flies,

Except the noble generous boy;

'Go, lovely infants, go,' he cries,

'And give your anxious parents joy.

No mother will for *Marco* weep,

When fate entombs him in the deep!

Long have my kindred ceas'd to grieve,

No sister kind my fate shall mourn;

No breast for me a sigh will heave,

No bosom friend wait my return!

He said, and sinking, sought the happy shore,

Where toil and slavery vex his soul no more."

'Greenland Solitude.—A Greenland whale ship from Archangel, with fourteen men, destined for Spitzbergen, was driven near an island, called by the Russians, Little Broun, in the year 1743. The vessel was suddenly surrounded by ice, and the crew reduced to a very dangerous situation. In this alarming state, a council was held; when the mate, Alexis Himkof, informed his comrades, that some of the people of Mesen had formerly intended wintering on this island, and had erected a hut at some distance from the shore. The crew conceiving

that they must inevitably perish in the ship, dispatched the mate and three others in quest of the hut. Two miles of ice intervened between the ship and the shore, and rendered reaching it very difficult. Having provided themselves with a musket, a powder horn, containing twelve charges of powder, and as many balls, an axe, a kettle, about twenty pounds of flour, a knife, a tinder box, some tobacco, and each a wooden pipe, the four men left the ship, and soon reached the island, where they discovered the hut alluded to, about a mile and a half from the shore.

'Rejoicing greatly at their success, they passed the night in the hut, and next morning hastened to the shore, impatient to communicate their good fortune to their comrades; but what was their astonishment on beholding an open sea instead of ice; and not a remnant of the ship, which they doubted not had been dashed to pieces. This unfortunate occurrence, for a while, deprived them of utterance;—

'The pale mariners on each other star'd,

With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;

The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,

And died imperfect on the falt'ring tongue."

'Astonishment gave way to horror and despair; and without the hope of ever being able to quit the island, they returned to the hut. Their first attention was directed to the means of providing subsistence, and repairing their habitation, which had suffered much from the weather. The twelve charges of powder and ball procured them as many rein-deer, with which the island fortunately abounded.

'The Russians collected a quantity of wood on the shore, with several bits of iron, some nails five or six inches long, and an iron hook. They also found the root of a fir tree bent nearly in the shape of a bow, and of which one was soon formed; but a string and arrows were still wanting. Unable, at present, to procure either, they resolved to make two lances to defend themselves against the white bears. Tools they had none, and materials very few; but

'The art of our necessities is strange,

That can make vile things precious."

'The iron hook was fashioned into a hammer; a large pebble served for an anvil: and a couple of rein-deer horns supplied the place of tongs. By means of such tools, two spear heads were made, which were afterwards fixed on two strong shafts; and thus equipped, the Russians ventured to attack a white bear, which, after a most dangerous encounter, they killed. This was a new supply of provisions, which was much relished. The tendons being divided into filaments, served for strings to their bow; and some bits of iron which they pointed and fixed on fir rods, for arrows. They now were enabled more easily to obtain food; and during their abode in the island, they

killed not less than two hundred and forty rein-deer, and a great number of blue and white foxes. They killed only ten white bears, and that at the utmost hazard, for these animals are amazingly strong, and defended themselves with great fury. Nine of these were killed in self-defence, for they even ventured to enter the outer room of the hut.

'To prevent the scurvy, Iwan Himkoff, who had wintered several times on the coast of West Spitzbergen, advised his companions to swallow raw and frozen meat in small pieces, and to drink the blood of the rein-deer as it flowed warm from the veins of the animal. Those who followed his injunctions, found an effectual antidote; but Feodor Weregine, who was of an indolent habit, and averse to drinking the blood, was soon seized with the scurvy; and under this afflicting distemper passed nearly six years, his humane companions being obliged to attend on him, and feed him like a new-born infant. When they had passed nearly six years in this dismal abode, he died in the winter, and was buried in the snow, which was dug as deep as possible to receive his corpse.

'Various were the expedients of these poor men to alleviate their sufferings; a lamp was made of clay, oakum, and cordage, found on the shore; and afterwards, pieces of their shirts and drawers supplied the wick, and rein-deer fat served as a tolerable substitute for oil. The skins of rein-deers and foxes, served for bedding; and some were tanned for clothing, by steeping them in water, until the hair could be rubbed off; and then putting rein-deer fat upon them, which rendered them soft and pliant. The want of awls and needles, was supplied by bits of iron which they collected. Of these they made a kind of wire, which being heated red hot, was pierced with a knife, ground to a sharp point, which formed the eye of a needle. The sinews of bears and rein-deer, split into threads, served for sewing the pieces of leather together, which enabled them to procure jackets and trowsers for summer dress; and a long fur gown, with a hood, for their winter apparel.

'After passing six years and three months in this rueful solitude, a Russian vessel, driven from the place of her destination, unexpectedly came in view, on the 15th of August, 1749. As soon as they perceived her, they hastened to light fires on the nearest hills; and then ran to the beach, waving a flag made of rein-deer's skin, fastened to a pole. The people on board observing the signals, and coming to an anchor, took the wretched sufferers on board. Tears of gratitude trickled down their cheeks at such a deliverance; for true it is, that—

—— "Plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow."

'When they embarked, they took on board about two thousand weight of rein-deer fat, many hides, the skins of the blue

and white foxes they had killed, and all their tools and weapons, which had become sanctified in their misfortunes. The vessel then set sail; and on the 25th of September, 1749, arrived safe at Archangel, where they were received with transports of joy by their friends and relatives, who had abandoned all hope of ever seeing any of them again.

Blowing up.—The *Amphion* frigate, commanded by Captain Israel Pellew, while getting her foremast repaired at Plymouth, in September, 1796, blew up with a dreadful explosion. It is believed, that there were two successive explosions. The first threw Captain Pellew, Captain Swaffield, and the first lieutenant, who were drinking wine together, from their seats, and struck them against the ceiling of the upper deck. Captain Pellew, with great presence of mind, flew to the cabin windows, and with an amazing leap, which the sense of danger alone enabled him to take, threw himself upon one of the hawsers, and was taken up by a boat. The first lieutenant saved himself in the same manner, but Captain Swaffield perished.

The exact number of individuals who suffered is not known; but as the frigate was to have sailed on the following day, there were nearly a hundred men, women, and children on board, above the ship's compliment. The survivors, who did not exceed ten in number, were most miraculously preserved. The fore magazine had taken fire; four men, who were at work on the tops, were blown up, and fell into the water without much injury from the explosion. The fate of a child was still more singular; the terror of the shock having made its mother grasp it fast, the under part of her body was blown away, while the upper part remained with the child fast locked in her arms!

At the moment of the explosion, the sentinel at the cabin door happened to be looking at his watch; he felt it dashed from his hands, after which he became insensible, and how he escaped he was ignorant; but he was carried ashore very little hurt. The boatswain was directing the men in rigging out the jibboom, when he felt himself suddenly thrown upwards, and he fell into the sea. He was taken up by a boat, without any other hurt than a broken arm. One of the seamen (a Gascon we are afraid) declared that he was below when the frigate blew up, and went to the bottom in the hull; that he recollected having a knife in his pocket, with which he cut his way through the companion into the gun-room, already shattered by the explosion, and rising to the surface of the water, swam unhurt ashore.

This part is very appropriately dedicated to Sir Murray Maxwell, of whom an excellent portrait is given.

Rhymes. By G. C. 12mo. pp. 64.

WE love brevity and modesty, and this title suits us. These 'Rhymes,' unlike such productions in general, were not written for sale, (though, if known, they would scarcely fail to ensure a pretty extensive one,) but merely for private circulation among the author's friends, and we are not certain but our giving them this publicity may be deemed a somewhat unwarrantable liberty. The poems, which display an amiable and moral feeling, are written with unaffected simplicity, and the versification is easy and harmonious. We quote two short pieces as specimens:—

‘INTEMPERANCE.

Where dread Phlegethon rolls her burning stream

In night eternal! save the lurid gleam
From choking sulphur's slow consuming fire,
To show the horrors of these regions dire:
Hell's grisly King, whom mortal ne'er beheld,
His fiends conven'd, and solemn council held,
To choose for premier in the shades below,
Who peopled most those realms of pain and woe.

When bending Age, by shaking Palsy led,
Tottering, approach'd the monarch of the dead,
Who justly own'd his certain final doom,
But deem'd too slow his steps towards the tomb;
The lengthen'd day by peaceful Virtue given,
Would thin his realms, and people hated heaven,

Bade him return; since, if he held the sway,
Death's stroke were lost in unperceiv'd decay.

Next Fever came, with inward flame oppress'd,
And Phrenzy tore her palpitating breast;
Then wan Consumption shew'd her hectic cheek,

And lifeless Apoplex essay'd to speak;
While Suicide, to self-destruction arm'd,
With lurid glare, grim Death had nigh alarm'd;
Now lurking Murder shook his reeking knife,
And War and Rapine told their bloody strife;
High in the air their gleamy falchions wav'd,
And all their master's ghastly terrors brav'd.
Gaunt Famine next came stalking in their path,
And grin'd exulting on their ghastly scath;
Swoln Pestilence now clos'd the dreadful train,
Boasting the myriads his breath had slain.

In Hell's abyss none dared with these contend,
And Death now paused, which fiend to hail his friend;

But in the Vices rush'd! Hell view'd with dread

The desperate throng, by hot Intemperance led,
Who reel'd blasphemous on. When Death aloud

Exulting! thus address'd th' infernal crowd:
‘Fiends! ministers of justice here below,
Who most delight in blood and human woe,
Behold my choice! The Parent of ye all!
This bloated form whom men Intemperance call!

Whoe'er within her foul embraces lies,
The wretch infatuated, lingering dies!
Or, from her arms, to thy dire vengeance given,
Is thus at once bereft of life and Heaven.’

HOPE.

‘Oh! never say, that Hope deceives,
When she the aching heart relieves
Of pangs too much to bear;

’Tis those insatiate vain desires,
Which every mortal bosom fires,
And seem her smile to wear.

Love shrinks from Poverty's dread name;
Sleep, too, deserts the couch of Pain;

Time hastens on our doom;—

But Hope, dear Hope! man's constant guest,
Still pointing how he may be blest,
Attends him to the tomb.’

Original Communications.

DISCOVERY EXTRAORDINARY!!

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Allow me to inform you that I have contracted an awkward habit of stooping in the shoulders, of which I find it is now too late to get rid, though I confess it exposes me to a good deal of unpleasant remark from the ladies. There is, however, one advantage attending this graceless carriage of the body, which may occasionally compensate for its unpleasant qualities; I mean the chance a person of this description possesses of discovering any thing which may have fallen from careless pedestrians, and have been overlooked by more upright walkers than himself. For myself, I certainly cannot boast of having been very fortunate in this way till last Saturday morning, when, as I was hurrying along the Strand, to your attractive office, for the purpose of purchasing my weekly treat, I espied a paper, folded letter-wise, lying in rather a dirty condition on the pavement, near a certain office, not a hundred miles from your own. I found that this packet contained a quantity of verses written on the envelopes of letters addressed to A. A. W. Esq. These unfortunate effusions were written partly with a pen and partly with pencil, and much that had been traced by the latter was nearly obliterated, a circumstance which will account for the many chasms I shall be obliged to leave in the following copy of this interesting MS. I call it interesting, and am induced to send it you, because it is connected, in some measure, with a subject which has occupied the minds of several of your ingenious correspondents. Having said this much by way of preface and explanation, I will now, Mr. Editor, with your leave, proceed to lay before you as much of this poem as I have been able to make out:—

‘Tear off the veil that darkens eye and mind—
Be ye no longer duped, ye senseless many!
Long have I warned, but ye continued blind,
Nor would accept your critic's proffer, when
he—
(Proving himself at once bold, deep, and kind,)
Offered his labours to enlighten any

Who might, with obstinacy dull and hard,
Still say that Byron is a genuine bard.

Well, Byron's fate is certain, and his fall is
Fix'd and immutable; he must decline,
Since I, by duty urged and not by malice,
A passion which I swear was never mine,
Have pored o'er certain volumes, and do call his
Best poems, which the world deems wond'-
rous fine,

No more than stolen goods, for—every word
He uses in them has before been heard.

His truth to nature he has stol'n from Scott,—
His elegance and tenderness from Moore,
His energy from—whom I have forgot—
(The name is in my book of written lore,)
His mystery from Sotheby, whose sad lot
I with a fellow-feeling do deplore;
Him and myself, whom all the public sneer at,
Lord Byron steals from, (by Jove they shall
hear that!)

But not us English bards alone he cozens,—
To foreign stores all recklessly he flies,
And pilfers from Italian bards by dozens,
Deeming them all fair game and lawful
prize.

All this we have, and will expose, that us
hence—

Forward he may fear—but not despise!
For we will pull down the Byronic towers,
And, with the scatter'd fragments, build up ours!

This work we will accomplish in despite
Of all our foemen who may take his part;
We know what's true, and understand what's
right,

And we will wreck his fame by force or art;
Our motives are our own, and they are white,
While he is villainous,—plague on his heart!
Was he not base enough, the other day,
To recommend Lord Orford's horrid play?

And worse than this, did he not then declare
(The lying caitiff!) that for full five years
He had not read an English paper where
He has been roaming?—This to us appears
A falsehood palpable, yet this to swear,

That he would scruple not we have our fears,
Although we know his publisher to send him
Every new book that's likely to befriend him!

But we can see through this, and the plain fact
is,

(We state it with contempt and not regret,)
Because we honestly exposed his practice
Of mean deception, he is in a pet;

And so the meaning of this word and act is
To make folks think he sees not our ga-
zette!

But Galignani quotes us, and my lord
Reads him;—for this, at least, we have his
word.

Here, Mr. Editor, follow some
stanzas which I cannot wholly read, in
consequence of the accident I stated
above; their drift, if I may judge of
it by such of the lines as are rather
more legible than their companions, is
to convey an idea that it is more plea-
sant than profitable to the 'Cunningge
Advertizer' to enrich itself now and then
with a paltry wood-cut or so . . . That
Surgeon Fisher's work is much cheaper,
and, in many respects, much superior
to Captain Parry's, a thing which he
modestly insinuates may be easily
accounted for, Surgeon F. being a

very particular friend of his . . . —
A hint to Mr. Moore, that it is ex-
tremely improper to let Irish patriot-
ism intrude itself into Irish Melodies,
and an Eulogium on Mr. Croly, for
heightening the effect of beautiful po-
etry, by mingling with it furious ex-
pressions of triumph over a fallen foe!
. . . . He then makes a sudden transi-
tion, and exclaims:—

'Percy Bysshe Shelley! the 'uncarthly bright-
ness'

And wild expression of thy fearful eye
Prove thou hast forfeited thy bosom's white-
ness,

And leagued thy soul to shame and perfidy.
And then thy 'gait perturbed,'—its wond'rous
lightness,—

Thy long unequal strides—all these supply
The clearest proofs, that if thou'rt not the devil,
Thou art his equal in all kinds of evil.

Percy Bysshe Shelley! while almost a child,
You wrote a profligate and wicked book,
At which it seems you ne'er were weak or wild
Enough to let the public have a look;
But one it seems has printed it, beguiled
By hope of gain,—and so, by hook or crook,
We'll heap on you slander, reproach, and
shame,

And play the very devil with your name.'

Here, Mr. Editor, in a fit of virtuous
indignation, our author seems to have
thrown over his ink-standish; since,
in consequence of a huge stain, I can-
not make out a line, though many
seem to have been written, till I arrive
at the following concluding stanza,
which I have carefully copied, that
you may perceive that yourself and
your facetious correspondent, W. L. B.
together (by anticipation) with Z. Z.,
have been honoured with the notice of
our enraged detector of plagiarisms:—

A curse upon the *Literary Chronicle*

For doing what no journal else has done!
Through it have we been struck by the ironical
W. L. B., whose pen's a pow'ful one
And keen; and now there's the laconical
More serious double Z. who carries on
This fearful combat, which is fearful only
Because we in the fight are standing lonely.'

I have, now, Mr. Editor, sent you
all I can read of this valuable gift of
fortune; and I trust you will justly
appreciate my liberality in transmit-
ting to you, without delay, a treasure,
for the recovery of which, I have no
doubt that a handsome reward will
speedily be offered. Disdaining, how-
ever, all idea of lucre, I leave it in your
hands to be treated as it may deserve,

And I am, Mr. Editor,
Your obedient humble servant,
J. W. D****.

P. S. I forgot to state, that the ori-
ginal MS. is now lying in my hands,
for the inspection of the curious, and
may be seen upon application.

ON THE

PLEASURES OF A CHOP-HOUSE.

Particularized by W. B. L., Gourmand,
&c. &c. &c.

THERE are few pleasures to be placed
in juxta-position with those afforded by
a CHOP-HOUSE; and, indeed, had we
said, that all descriptions would suffer
by the comparative view, we had not,
we think, 'overstepped the modesty
of nature.' For ourself, we may most
truly say, that we were totally ignorant
of true happiness until we had partici-
pated in that which a CHOP-HOUSE is
so fitted to induct;—we had experi-
enced our share too. To such an ex-
tent do our propensities that way ex-
tend, we even scruple not to advance,
that had the divine PLATO tasted its
delights, the world would have never
seen (nor needed) his mighty specula-
tions. In truth, we much marvel, that
in those days of profundity, chop-
houses were never 'dreamt of in man's
philosophy;' but, perhaps, it is better
as it is; for it is a self-evident thing,
that PLATO and a CHOP-HOUSE could
not, by any possibility, have existed in
the same age. With the incorrigible
Liston, the admirers and the followers
of each, would for ever have been at
contentious purposes, each, perhaps,
assuming for their motto,—'Plate! oh
thou reason'st well!'

Reader, we solemnly assure thee,
upon our honour, (and we place our
hand upon our breast most emphati-
cally) that if thou wouldst know true
and uncloying delight, thou must enter
a chop-house. Within its doors are to
be found food for both body and soul
—feasting for corporeal cravings and
cravings intellectual—nourishment for
the faculties, mental and bodily; there
you may invigorate the brain while you
satisfy the palate, and feed the mind
with good things while you devour
your mutton chop, and suck in huge
draughts of wisdom while you drink
your pot of porter.

A chop-house is a little world of it-
self.—A world?—it is an absolute uni-
verse in miniature!—and has its own
peculiar system and planets, and satel-
lites, and fixed stars, and revolutions,
and its motions, annual and diurnal,
in all the wide diversity of waiters,
cooks, sauce-pans, stoves, and smoke-
jacks. Not Pythagoras, Philolaus,
Archimedes, Ptolemy, Aristotle, Co-
pernicus, nor all the sages that ever
drew breath, with our glorious Newton
to boot, ever dreamed of a theory half
so exquisite, or afforded to man a treat
so delicious.

In it there is provender for philosophers and fools, stoics or epicureans—contemnation for genius of all denominations,—and it embraces every species of science and of art (having an especial eye to the art of cookery). It compasses all that is worthy of the sublimest faculties and capacities of the soul. It is the resort of all that is good and glorious on the earth, the needy and the noble, the wealthy and the wise. Its high estimation is acknowledged on all hands; it has the suffrage of the world. At all times, and in all seasons, its supremacy is admitted, and its influence recognized. The name, the very name alone is sufficient to excite all that is pleasant to our senses (five, or seven, how many soever there be.). A chop-house! at that word, what a clashing of knives, and forks, and plates, and pewter-pots, and rushing of footsteps, and murmurings of expectant hosts, enter into our delighted ears—what gay scenes of varied beauty, and many-natured viands and viscous soups rise before our visual nerves—what fragrant perfumes and sweet-scented odours, and grateful gales of delicate dainties stream into our olfactory perceptions:—

— Like the sweet south,
Upon a bank, a bank of violets, giving
And taking odour.

Its power is as vast, as wonderful, and goodly, and extends over all animal and animated nature, biped and quadruped, the earth, the air, the sea, and all that therein is. By its high decree, the beast may no longer bask in the noon-tide of its nature—the birds must forsake their pure ether, and the piscatory dwellers of the deep may spread no more their finny sails towards their caves of coral. The fruits and the upgrowings of the habitable world, and all created things, by one wave of the mighty wand, are brought together into this their common tomb. It is creative, too, of the lordliest independance of spirit. It excites the best passions of the heart. It calls into action every kind and generous feeling of our nature. It begets fraternal affection, and unanimity, and cordiality of soul, and excellent neighbourhood among men. It will correct antipodes, for its ministerial effects will produce a radical advantage. Its component parts go down with the world, and its principles are well digested.

But it is not alone admirable as a whole; its constituent and individual beauties are as provocative of respect as the mass is of our veneration. From

forth of its unnumberable excellencies, let us, for an instance, select one, which should ever be uppermost in our thought and beneath our contemplation. What is more delightful than a beef-steak?—Spite of lexicographers, there is something of harmony even in its name—it seems to be the key-note of our best constructed organs (organs differing from all others, only because they have no stops). It circles all that is full, rich, and sonorous; not in its articulated enunciation (we grant)—for there, to waive discussion, it may be somewhat weak and impoverished,—but, in its internal acceptation, there—there, we feel all its strength and diapason or force and quantity.

If, however, it were our purpose (which it is not) to descend into the detail, we should have '*commencé au commencement*,' and began with Tom-the-waiter; for Tom is the civilest and best tempered fellow in the globe; he is the personification of the abstract exquisite, and is endeared to every body by that eternity of smile which is hovering o'er his lips, day and night, now and for ever. Yes, Tom! thou art a good dog, and I will surely give thee immortality, ere long, by portraying thee in the CHRONICLE.

Collectively, what, would we seriously and with due gravity ask,—what is more worthy the lucubrations of man than a chop-house? what more deserving the speculations of the wise? what more fitted to display the vastness of the human intellect? Reader, ponder; consider well what we have said, and be by us assured, that—

'The proper study of mankind is'—
A CHOP-HOUSE.

HISTORICAL ORIGINS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

The Lotus.

THE lotus, or water lily, has been supposed by some writers to allude to the ark; but it must be remembered that the Egyptians in very early times made of the lotus a sweetish bread, so that this flower was as natural a type of plenty amongst them as ears of wheat became afterwards in Greece.

Analogous Deities of the Indians, Scandinavians, and the Romans of their several days of the week:—

Andity war	Dies Solis, the Sun's day.
Soma war	Dies Lunæ, the Moon's day.
Mangela war	Martis dies, Tuisco's day.
Boodha war	Mercurii dies, Woden's day.
Vrihaspat war	Jovis dies, Thor's day.
Shukra war	Veneris dies, Fræa's day.
Shenisker war	Saturni dies, Seater's day.

The Pygmæi.

The Pygmæi are described as a small but remarkably strong race of men; and it is singular that the same tradition exists to this day in Scotland concerning the *Pechts*, or Picts, whose name may be of the same origin.

America.

That there was in the western ocean a rich and happy island, or large continent, was a vague tradition or superstition among ancient nations; but of its history no one pretended to have the slightest knowledge. We can hardly think that the notions which they entertained of it were any thing more than the mere dreams which all rude people have of some happier clime and country than their own, at a distance beyond the limits of sea, or mountain, or desert, to them impassable. This traditional belief, however, was generally prevalent, down to the time of the actual discovery of the western hemisphere. One of the most ancient poems now extant in the old English language, is founded entirely on it; beginning,—

'Far in sea by west of Spain
Is a land light Cokaigne.'

This land of Cokaigne, or Coquina, from whence our word cockney is derived, was the supposed seat of idleness and sensual pleasure; the graver philosophical poets placed in the same situation the abodes of spiritual purity and celestial happiness. JOIDA.

Original Poetry.

LINES

Occasioned by reading Lord Byron's Dedication to the Prophecy of Dante:

'Lady, if for the cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born, but where I would not die.'

LORD BYRON.

My native isle, tho' cold thy clime,
Thou 'rt very dear to me,
And twin'd around my very heart
Is lasting love for thee.
For art thou not the home where all
Who trust and prize me rest?
And if it were not so, I'd pray
Thou might be ever blest.
I could not wish in foreign climes
The grass might o'er me wave;
Oh no! in the land that gave me birth,
Pray heav'n I find a grave.
There's beauty in thy sweet green fields,
To my all partial eye,
Beyond the orange groves and flowers
Of far fam'd Italy.

There are noble hearts and hands that dwell
Beneath thy cloudy sky,
That in the cause of those oppress'd
Would bravely freely die.
Oh! noble poet, can'st thou then
A land like this forget;
Surely, tho' thou may'st lightly speak,
Thine heart must feel regret.

The birth-place of an only child,
Oh! let that parent bless,
And if it be but for her sake,
Learn to despise it less.

ELIZA.

THE INQUIRY.

WHAT sorrow binds Eliza's soul,
What fears her senses chain?
What doth her wond'rous grief control,
And what her tears restrain?
Has she not lost a virtuous friend?
Has death not closed her eyes?
And will not grief its powers lend
When her companion dies?

Say, shall her love for Mary cease,
Because that virgin's dead?
No; rather should her woe increase
That 'tis a sister's fled.
Can she not weep, or will not tears
Their doleful office do,—
Can she not weep, or why appears
That face of ghastly hue.

Sure 'tis affection binds her soul,
And doth her senses chain;
Sure 'tis distress her woes control,
And all her tears restrain.
The heart that silent suffering lives,
And weeps but when unknown,
No sorrow to another gives,—
Its woes are all its own.

J. C. P.

TO A CHILD SLEEPING.

Emblem of innocence, in slumber there,
Offspring of her to whom thy cheek is press'd.
In thy light breathings there is nought of care,
And the warm signs that heave thy gentle
breast,
Send forth no token of unquiet rest,
But soft they come as summer's fragrant air.
Sleep on, while yet with quiet slumbers bless'd,
Sleep on, the hours too soon advance, when
care
May come, and thou, no more of peace pos-
sess'd,
May'st be to ev'ry blast of fortune bare.
And thy young form, in purest beauty dress'd,
Will fade, and thy soft cheek time shall not
spare.
Sleep on, while pleasure o'er thee spreads her
wings,
Morn comes apace, and sorrow with her
brings.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

TO *****.

CAN I forget; can'st thou forget
The hours of pleasure we have known?
Or will thy heart with mine regret
To think how quickly they have flown?

Wilt thou with me one sigh bestow,
Or will with mine thy bosom heave,
Or wilt thou feel with me the glow,
That joys like ours behind them leave?

Thou wilt!—why need I doubt thy heart?
It e'er has been sincere to me;
Oh be it still, till life depart,
The same as mine shall be to thee.

Alike our feelings e'er have been,
Alike our thought, our wishes were,
Alike our hearts, our minds were seen;
Alike our joy, alike our care.

Unchang'd by time, still shall they prove
From every mean impression free;
Life may be quench'd, but faithful love
Shall last in sweet eternity.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

Fine Arts.

MONUMENT IN HONOUR
OF

GEORGE THE THIRD.

THE occurrence, during this week, of a grand public dinner to commemorate the commencement of a subscription for a work of art, (for such was in sooth the design till the dinner was on the table,) demands from us, as friends and annalists of the Fine Arts, something both in the way of record and of observation.

Mr. Matthew Wyatt, the projector of the unfinished cenotaph to the Princess Charlotte, encouraged, no doubt, by the careless generosity with which the public had contributed to that ingenious speculation, had projected a similar one in honour of his late Majesty George the Third; nor had he any difficulty in again finding a number of highly distinguished and respectable individuals, who, pleased with the general purpose of his scheme, consented to become patrons, vice-patrons, general committee-men, and acting committee-men, of a subscription to be opened for carrying it into effect, but *probably*, (we might say *certainly*), *without paying much attention to the particular plan of Mr. Wyatt, which seemed thus to have obtained their patronage.* At the head of the list were H. R. H. the Duke of York, several other members of the royal family, and many of the most ancient nobility and commoners of the land.

Thus far, 'by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on;' but it happened to occur to some kind friend of the artist, (it is an old adage,—save me from my friends and I will protect myself from my enemies,) that to give éclat to the affair, it would be a good idea to have a grand public dinner to celebrate the commencement of the subscription, not reflecting how fatal the public gaze must ever be to any thing in the shape of a job or monopoly. This, which may be considered as the under-plot of the drama, succeeded at first to admiration. The newspapers soon announced to the curious public, that a grand dinner would take place on the fourth of June, the anniversary of his Majesty's birth, at which H. R. H. the Duke of York would take the chair; and a list of persons, scarcely ever perhaps exceeded for rank and respectability on any similar occasion, would act as stewards. The expectation of the public was certes prodigiously excited, but accompanied

every now and then with some rather troublesome inquiries from sensible people, as to what the great preparations were all about. At first the dinner was positively stated to be to commemorate the opening of the subscription for the nominal trophy to the honour of George the Third,—that is, to Mr. Wyatt's design of a trophy, engravings from the cartoon of which have been busily circulated, as the thing agreed, fixed, and determined on. For some reason or other, this style of announcement was dropped, and the dinner was at last only called 'A Commemoration Dinner to celebrate the Glories of the longest Reign of any British Sovereign,' (we believe we quote the jargon rightly, though only from memory.) It would seem that there were sensible people among Mr. Wyatt's crowd of patrons, as well as among the public at large, who, as the day of the festival approached, began to inquire a little more seriously than they had hitherto done, into the merits of the speculation to which they were lending their countenance. A large sum was most probably to be collected;—was it certain to be rightly administered? A monument was to be raised to his late Majesty,—was the design proposed by Mr. Wyatt, such as would do honour to the spirit and taste of the age? An example of encouragement altogether unprecedented, was about to be given to an important department of art: was that department sure of having fair play by permitting the patronage intended for it to be forestalled, and all liberal competition excluded? How these sensible inquirers answered the question to themselves, we come now to record.

The dinner took place on the day fixed, and H. R. H. the Duke of York was in the chair. After some public toasts were given, and some indifferent poetry, written in honour of the occasion by the Rev. Geo. Croly, (who can do better things,) had been recited, the Earl of Blessinton rose, and, as the papers report, spoke as follows:—

'He (the Earl of Blessinton) came forward on the present occasion, as appearing at the head of the list of stewards, and at the head of the acting committee, who first, under the sanction of their royal chairman, brought this measure before the public. (*Applause*) When he looked around, and saw the illustrious persons who had that day honoured the meeting with their presence, he was sure the acting committee would stand acquitted of

any charge of not having done their duty; and that it would appear manifest to every one, they made the present proceeding worthy of its object, and commemorated in a becoming manner the memory of George the Third. (*Cheers.*) He must, however, take leave to observe, that the first object of the meeting was, for reasons then not necessary to explain, abandoned—he meant the proposing of a subscription to carry into execution the plan of a monument to his late Majesty. What they had in view was not the offspring of a moment. For a period of twelve months the committee had laboured at this object, and acted on no other feeling than a sense of honest public regard towards the fulfilment of a public intention.—(*Hear.*)—The plan which they fixed upon, and which was that of Mr. Wyatt, was not chosen in preference to others, but because it was the only one of the kind offered to public notice. He (Lord Blessinton) had personally undergone great labour, in the exertion of the humble talents which he possessed, to bring the matter thus forward. But he bowed to the suggestion of their illustrious chairman, who thought it proper to withdraw the intended toast of “Success to the Subscription for the Triumphal Monument to the Memory of George the Third,” (*hear, hear,*) lest one word should be raised in that illustrious assembly against the project offered to the public. This design was, indeed, opposed by some noblemen and others, under the impression that it would be improper to convert the funds intended for such a purpose to the benefit of one particular artist; but that, when the adequate resources were subscribed, the execution of the plan should be open to competition. There was nothing fairer than this in a general point of view, and had it been stated twelve months ago, he could have offered no objection to it; but, as the affair stood at present, one particular design had been offered, approved of, and adopted; and he, for one, could not feel himself justified in bestowing upon another person the benefit of the original idea, and depriving the real author of the copyright of his performance, (*hear, hear,*) under the notion that somebody coming after him could do better.’

Such is the speech which the daily journals, in reporting the proceedings of the meeting, ascribe to the Earl of Blessinton, and to which we have as yet seen no contradiction, either in whole or in part, from his Lordship. We have, however, great difficulty in believing that it can be either in words or in substance an accurate report of what the noble earl said on the occasion; for we cannot conceive that any British Peer (we know nothing of Lord B. personally) would willingly give currency to a very erroneous history of any

transaction of importance to the public. The obvious impression which this speech must make on every one who reads it is:—1st. That a Committee of noblemen and gentlemen had spontaneously associated, and had been labouring these twelve months past to promote the erection of a monument to the memory of George the Third; and 2dly. That this Committee had fixed upon the plan of Mr. Wyatt, because it was the only one offered, meaning of course to say, or otherwise meaning nothing at all, that other artists had had an opportunity of presenting plans, as well as Mr. Wyatt to the Committee, and were to blame for not doing so. Now, in the first place, we challenge the Earl of Blessinton to shew a single act or proceeding of this said Committee of an earlier date than six months preceding the 4th of June; and in the 2nd place, we respectfully, but seriously, ask him, whether, instead of the Committee fixing upon the plan of Mr. Wyatt, it be not the fact that Mr. Wyatt fixed his plan upon the Committee, by taking the selection of that Committee upon himself; by making sure, in some degree, of personal friendship towards himself in the majority of the persons whom he chose to place upon it; and by taking care (with their concurrence we must presume) that neither the invitation nor opportunity should be given to other artists to offer a plan in competition with that of Mr. Wyatt? We need not, however, wait for his lordship’s answer on these points. It is a fact too notorious in the circle of art to be denied, that of the whole affair, down to a most recent day—plan, committee, dinner, and all,—Mr. Wyatt was the prime deviser and director to the exclusion of every thing like fair competition, selection, or choice,—that no other artists were ever invited to offer plans, and that no artist had an opportunity of offering a better design than that of Mr. Wyatt, except indeed Mr. Wyatt himself, *to whose house all communications on the subject were ordered to be addressed!*

The real state of the case being as we have now informed our readers, they need not be surprised at what follows the noble earl’s speech. The illustrious chairman (seldom more illustrious than by the good sense which he has shewn on this occasion) thought proper to withdraw the intended toast of ‘Success to the Subscription for the Triumphal Monument to the Memory of George the Third;’ that is to Mr. Wyatt’s plan of such a monu-

ment—the plan supposed to be fixed on, not by the Committee—lest the harmony of the meeting should be disturbed by those noblemen who had opposed the design, under the impression, ‘that it would be improper to convert the funds intended for such a purpose to the benefit of one particular artist, but that, when the adequate resources were subscribed, the execution of the plan should be open to competition.’

We are sure that every person who knows any thing,—we will not say of the Fine Arts, but of ‘a clear field and fair play,’—must feel and acknowledge that H. R. H. the Duke of York and the noblemen to whose judgment he has shewn a deference, have deserved well of their country, for the part they have taken on this occasion. They have shown that they will not deliberately lend themselves to the abuse of public patronage for private ends, nor consent to encourage subscriptions, from a liberal people, to any design which is not proved by public competition to be, if not the best which the age can produce, at least the best which the age can procure.

The result has been, that the dinner, which was expected to seal the success of Mr. Wyatt’s scheme, by a munificent subscription towards it, has laid it for the present under the table: what is to be the next step we know not.

It now only remains for us to advert briefly to the plea advanced by the Earl of Blessinton in behalf of Mr. Wyatt’s exclusive claim to the execution of the projected monument. His lordship says, that had the argument for laying the plan open to competition ‘been stated twelve months ago, he could have offered no objection to it.’ Does his lordship mean to say, that there was any opportunity for bringing the argument forward twelve months ago? Was there any Committee formed and advertising for a competition of plans twelve months ago? His lordship knows there was not. What his lordship, we presume, means to say is, that nobody came forward like Mr. Wyatt, with a plan to be patronized; that Mr. Wyatt was the only speculator who was at gull-shooting with the same powder and shot, and meaning that your lordship could mean no more the simple truth. But is it any reproach, my lord, to the artists of the day—a numerous and meritorious class of men—that they have not acted as Mr. Wyatt has done?—that they have not gone a-fore-

stalling as he has done—that they have not been baffled as he has been, and as all forestallers ought to be? Your lordship proceeded, (always supposing for the moment that the report of your lordship's speech is correct)—‘as the affair stood at present, one particular design had been offered, approved of, and adopted.’ Say rather, my lord, that a particular design had been formed by one individual, and was offered to, approved of, and adopted by a Committee nominated by that individual himself, because no other design was allowed to be brought under their notice. The affair standing thus, your lordship, it is added, was pleased for one to confess that you ‘could not feel justified in bestowing upon another person the benefit of the original idea, and depriving the real author of the copyright of his performance, under the notion that somebody coming after him could do better.’ What original idea? we ask; what copyright? The idea of a monument to George the Third! Indeed! Original ideas must have become cheap things, if this is to be ranked among the number. There is nothing in it, which any body, (must we except Mr. Wyatt?) would think of claiming as an invention. Then as to the copyright of Mr. Wyatt's performance! Who is talking or even dreaming of infringing on that copyright? Be assured, my lord, the plan of your protégé is in no danger from piracy or imitation for any monument. It has a merit so peculiarly its own, that ‘nothing but itself can be its parallel,’ and that no artist would run the risk of being disgraced in his profession by stealing from it.

We shall now bestow a few words on this much vaunted plan, before we lay aside the pen. The following description of it, which we take to be official, is given in the newspapers:—

‘The monument is to consist of a statue of his late Majesty, in a car drawn by four horses, accompanied by figures of Fame and Victory; the whole to be executed in bronze, and raised on a massive pedestal of granite, containing on the four sides bas-reliefs, representing his late Majesty encouraging the Fine Arts in one; in another Agriculture; in a third Religion; in a fourth Commerce. It is to be erected in a conspicuous part of the metropolis, and to be considerably larger than life.’

To make this ungrammatical jumble a little more descriptive, it is necessary to add, that in the engraving of the plan, his late Majesty is represented

standing upright in the car, dressed in a morning gown, or, according to more classical pretension, after the Roman fashion, with a globe in one hand and a sceptre in the other; the figures of Fame and Victory are running along at the heels of the horses on different sides of the car; the one blowing a trumpet, and the other holding aloft a wreath of laurel. Fame and Victory each employ the remaining hands in holding the car steady, a very unnecessary precaution, as the four horses are not yoked to the car, though in advance of it; nor even bridled, though in a reined attitude, of bounding furious velocity.

The defects of this plan must force themselves at once on the eye of taste. It is a great mass of incongruity, with not one particle of merit in it that we can discern. We marvel much who the members of the committee could be (in addition to my Lord Blessinton) who could *approve* of such a monstrosity. First of all—of the four horses, which, to the disparagement of the good old king, are the central and most striking objects in the design.—What are they for we would ask? They are neither yoked to the car, nor bridled, and though a complete suit of harness might be added to them, yet there is no hand to hold the reins; the hands of the King, as well as those of Victory and Fame, being, as we have shown, otherwise occupied. Now, every one who knows any thing of art, must be aware, that in any representation, where a human being is the hero, the figure of the horse is never introduced, but in perfect subordination to the man, in order the better to illustrate his power and pre-eminence. The fiery steed, under the curb of an Alexander, is characteristic, but place the conqueror at his ease in a buggy, and make the steed running off with the said buggy, and you, at once, convert the conqueror into a stupid blockhead, who is staring carelessly about him, while madness is galloping off with him to destruction. In the design before us, the absurdity is still greater. We have four mad steeds in place of one, and the king, with whom they are running off, is not seated, but standing as calmly erect, in the rapidly moving car, as if his feet were on a rock. This is not merely absurd; it is impossible. But it may, perhaps, be said, ‘I can cut down the front of my car; convert it into a very pretty phaeton; make George throw away the globe and sceptre, and supply their place by reins

and a good whip, and what will you say then?’ It is true all this may be done, and then we shall have, as an emblematic trophy to the honour of the puissant and venerated George the Third, a representation of this monarch driving four-in-hand. A very nice expressive characteristic representation truly! But we have forgot the figures—Victory and Fame. What is to become of them? We ought, perhaps, first to ask, what brought them there? We can remember nothing like to them, by the side of four prancing steeds, unless it be the running footmen by the side of the king's carriage, when he goes in state to Parliament. If that, as we rather suspect, be the intent with which they are so placed, the idea is *British* at any rate; but the *wings* of these personages—do, pray, let these be lopped off, and then, as running footmen by the side of the phaeton and four, they may be suffered to pass. But to be serious: let it not be said, that we are shutting our eyes to the allegorical character of these figures. To look at them in that respect, is only to open our eyes on a still greater absurdity; we shall then have reality and allegory in a glorious jumble. There is nothing allegorical in the horses, nor in the car, nor in the King, who is in the car. With what consistency, therefore, can allegorical personages be brought to play a part in such an exhibition of simple reality? The *fancy*, besides, of Victory and Fame running by the side of the King in his chariot, has nothing in it to recommend it to adoption; it is a piece of most unimpressive and puerile common-place. From the King, the gods, the car, and the horses, let us now descend, to take a look at the emblematic figures on the four sides of the massive pedestal. We are told that the designs will be emblematic of the King's encouragement, first, to the Fine Arts, (the advantages of which must not certainly be estimated by this specimen;) second, to Religion; third, to Agriculture; and, fourth, to Commerce. Ought not Mr. Wyatt to have shown us sketches of these designs, before he talked of having matured a plan? They form at least a good half of the whole plan; and, from what is to be seen above the pedestal, we suspect few persons will be inclined to trust to the artist's genius and good taste for what is to be exhibited below it. But why only the fine arts, religion, agriculture, and commerce? Is there to be nothing for his

Majesty's encouragement of science, of literature, of morals, and of humanity? Such large omissions as these are conclusive and convincing proofs of the want of comprehension, judgment, and genius which distinguishes the whole design.

In making these remarks, we are not actuated by any feeling of hostility to Mr. Wyatt; they are our unbiased opinions, and cannot possibly be influenced by any feeling of professional rivalry towards him or any one within the sphere of the arts. A sense of duty to the public alone, has induced us to use our efforts to show, that the part which H. R. H. the Duke of York, and other noblemen, have acted on this occasion, is that of liberal yet discriminating patrons, who will not lend themselves to any plan of art that is not brought forth in the fairest manner, and which is not positively certain of being an honour to the genius of the country.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—A new serious opera, entitled *Dirce, or the Fatal Urn*, was produced at this theatre, on Saturday night. It is taken from Metastasio's opera of *Demofonte*, and is an avowed attempt to naturalize the recitative drama on the English stage; but recitative is neither adapted to the language nor the taste of this country, and the simple fact, that more than half a century has elapsed without any successful follower of Arne, in his *Artaxerxes*, rendered it extremely doubtful that such an attempt would be successful. The story is classic.—The wrath of Apollo has demanded of the Thracians the annual sacrifice of a virgin, and the victim is to be determined by lot. Timanthes (Braham), the supposed son of Demophoon (Horn), is secretly married to Dirce (Miss Wilson), the daughter of Cleanthes. The fatal lot fall son Dirce; and Timanthes, to save her, reveals his marriage; but the Thracian law punishes with death the union of a subject with any of the royal progeny, and Dirce, from a victim, becomes a criminal. At the intrigues of his younger son, Cherinthus, (Madame Vestris), and of his mistress, Lessia (Miss Povey), her life is spared. Timanthes has, however, further trials for his fortitude; he discovers, that Dirce is the daughter of Demophoon, and the discovery would be fatal, did he not ascertain, at the same moment, by a fortunate coincidence, himself to

be the son of Cleanthes. In this event is involved the fulfilment of an oracular prediction. The wrath of Apollo ceases, and the dreadful sacrifice is abolished. There is some fine music in this piece from Mozart, Rossini, and other composers of eminence; and a few original airs have been supplied by Mr. Braham and Mr. Horn. Miss Wilson (for whose benefit the opera was first performed) executed many of the airs with great spirit; and Braham shone conspicuously in a brilliant air, 'Awake my soul to glory.' Madame Vestris sang charmingly, and Horn executed some elaborate airs with great facility. The opera was very favourably received, and, as an instance of the liberality of Mr. Elliston, we are happy to state, that he has allowed it to be performed on benefit nights.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—On Thursday night, Mr. Mathews performed his *Trip to Paris*, with as much spirit and as much to the gratification of a crowded audience, as when it was first produced. We believe he closes his performances next week; the public, we are sure, will part with him with regret, and, with us, long for the return of the ensuing season.

SURREY THEATRE.—The performances at this house were, on Thursday night, devoted to the funds of the Masonic Charity, where, in addition to an excellent bill of fare, Brother T. Dibdin wrote a new burletta for the occasion, entitled *The Secret of Masonry*, which was received with great applause. We know few managers would go so far in the work of charity.

NEW THEATRE, KING STREET.—M. Alexandre having, with singular rapidity, acquired a sufficient knowledge of our language, now gives the whole of his very curious entertainment in English. This renders it still more attractive, and ensures him a continuation of the public patronage.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Several of M. Thiodor's curious mechanical views and landscapes have been exhibited at this theatre during the week, and, together with a nightly change of interesting stock pieces, have kept alive the attraction of the house.—Wilkinson's benefit, on Monday, closed his engagement, and drew a crowded audience.

Literature and Science.

Bibliographical Curiosity.—There is at this time on sale, at the Museum of Mr. Ackermann, one of the most splendid specimens of bibliography which

has ever perhaps been offered to the world. It consists of the *History of Westminster Abbey*, published by Mr. A. and this copy is characterised by the following circumstances: the letter press is on vellum, the 84 original drawings by our first artists have been introduced, the titles of the drawings and of the volumes are by the late Mr. Tomkins, and the binding unites every point of magnificence, having cost no less than 278l. The total cost of the three volumes in drawings, vellum, writing and binding, has been 1796l; but the proprietor, gratified with the honour of preparing such a book, asks no more than 1500l. for it.

British Travellers.—Mr. Campbell, the missionary, whose former travels into South Africa are before the public, has lately returned after another journey equally interesting. He penetrated 800 miles from Cape Town, a greater distance than any other traveller whose good fortune it has been to return, and considerably beyond Latakoo. He has discovered several new and large towns. The population of some of those amount to 10,000 or 12,000 persons; the people friendly and docile, possessing much skill in the manufacture of pottery, in smelting of iron, and other useful arts; besides so intelligent as to know the value of, and wish for, the introduction of better informed artizans. They have likewise desired missionaries to be sent to them, a wish which will be doubtless complied with by the directors of that society.

An Englishman of the name of Cochrane, has reached Irkutsk on foot, on his road to America, by the north east promontory of Asia. On the 13th of September last, he had travelled 8000 versts, in 123 days, entirely on foot, and sleeps in the open air, and wears nothing but nankeen breeches.

Two adventurous English travellers in Upper Egypt and Ethiopia, Messrs. Waddington and Hanbury, may be expected to return to their native country before Christmas. These gentlemen are said to have discovered the city of ancient Meroe, spoken of by Herodotus, lib. ii., ch. 29; by Diodorus Siculus, i. 33; by Strabo, xvii.; and by Josephus, ii. 10. From the three authors last mentioned, it appears that the city of Meroe was situated in an island, formed by the Nile, the Astapus, and the Astaboras (the Bahr-el-abiad, the Abawi, and the Tacazza). It was anciently called Saba, which

name was changed to that of Meroe, by Cambyses, in honour of his wife or sister. The geographical situation of Meroe is thus described by Herodotus:—After quitting the island of Tacpompso, and again reaching the bed of the Nile, 'you will travel forty days by the side of that river, the stream being rendered unnavigable by rocks and sharp crags. After the land journey of forty days, you again embark, and at the end of twelve days you will arrive at a great city, the name of which is Meroe. This is said to be the capital of the rest of the Ethiopians: the only gods that are worshiped there are Jupiter and Bacchus.'

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